

T H E
REHEARSAL;

As it is acted

At the THEATRE-ROYAL.

Written by His Grace, GEORGE VILLIERS,
late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WITH NOTES,

CONTAINING

A CRITICAL VIEW of the Authors, and their
Writings, that are exposed in that celebrated
Play.

EDINBURGH:

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T H E
P R E F A C E
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R E H E A R S A L.

THE following play, ever since its first appearance in the world, which is now above fourscore years, has been held in very great repute, and esteemed a piece of the most entertaining ridicule and banter that this Island has yet produced. It has not been confined to the stage only, nor has it been the entertainment of the gay, the sprightly, and the frolicsome alone, who delight in a witty saying, a smart jest or a ridiculous sneer, without looking farther; but it has even employed the easier hours of the grave, the studious and the wise, as a relaxation from their severer employments.

To pretend to point out the several strokes of wit, or poignant ridicule in this performance, by which it has hitherto captivated all ranks of men, would be an endless, and in some degree, an useless task: endless, because its beauties being so many, to point them out would be to transcribe the whole; and needless, because such eclairsissements not being designed for the more perspicacious readers, who perceive the wit and humour of a piece at the first glance; but for second-hand geniuses, who must have the assistance of commentaries and notes, before they can understand an author; to apply these to wit, and thereby reduce it to the level of their capacities, is effectually to bring it down from the standard of wit to that of common sense, whereby it becomes wit no more, and the real intention is lost:
for

for wit and humour may be compared to the most exalted spirit of the chymists, which, in pouring out of one phial into another, is ready to evaporate and be intirely lost.

It shall therefore suffice to give a short history of this performance, and of the motives which induced the noble Author to compose it.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was a person of very great natural wit, perspicuity, and judgment; and these were much improved by a very liberal education, and the conversation of the greatest persons in his time both at home and abroad.

He was well acquainted with the writings of the most celebrated Poets of the age before him, *viz.* Shakespear, Beaumont, and Johnson: the last of whom he knew personally, being thirteen years old when he died: as also with the famous company of Actors at Blackfriars, whom he always admired.

He was very intimate with the Poets of his own time, as Sir John Denham, Sir John Suckling, the Lord Falkland, Mr. Sidney Goodolphin, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; on the last of whom he bestowed a handsom annuity during his life, and a noble monument in Westminster-Abby, after his death.

In his travels he had the opportunity of observing the decorum of foreign theatres, especially the French, under the regulation of M. Corneille, when it was in its greatest glory.

By these means, he formed in himself a true taste, and a just notion of composition; and became every way qualified for the office of a critic. With these qualifications, assisted by his natural wit and brilliancy of parts, he was soon the admiration of all who knew him; and had he been endued with constancy, steadiness of mind, and prudence equal to his other abilities, he had been the most compleat Gentleman in his time, and the glory of the English nation.

He had been the companion of King Charles II. during the greatest part of his exile, and very well corresponded

sponded to the natural vein of mirth and pleasantry for which that Monarch was so remarkable: and he came with him to England at the Restoration.

The stage, tho' not near so leud then as it has become since, had been silenced by the civil wars, for almost twenty years. But at this period, the tyranny of rebellion and enthusiasm being removed, the buskin again made its appearance. But the universal joy and exultation with which all ranks seemed intoxicated upon the wished-for change, assisted by the many bad customs imported by the exiles from foreign countries, soon spread as universal a dissolution of manners and corruption of morals over the nation. The stage could not well escape the contagion: a number of leud, senseless, and unnatural plays were introduced upon it, and met with high encouragement, such as, *The Siege of Rhodes*, part 1. *The Play-house to be lett*; *The Slighted Maid*; *The United Kingdoms*; *The Wild Gallant*; *The English Monsieur*; *The Villain*, and the like.

The Duke of Buckingham, to manifest his just indignation and hatred of this sulsom, new way of writing, used his utmost interest and endeavours to stifle it, at its first appearance on the stage, by engaging all his friends to explode and run down these plays. In pursuing this conduct towards one, *The United Kingdoms*, he brought his life in danger: for the author of it, being nobly born, of an ancient and numerous family, had many of his friends and relations in the cockpit during the acting of it; and some of them perceiving his Grace headed a party who were very active in *damning* the play, by hissing and laughing immoderately at the strange conduct of it, some persons were laid in wait for him as he came out, but he luckily escaped thro' the crowd. He was afterwards hard threatened for it, till the business was made up.

Soon after this the Duke set about writing this farce, in order to expose these new-fashioned plays in their proper colours, and set them in so clear a light, that
the

the people might be able to discover what trash it was whereof they were so fond; as he plainly hints in the prologue.

It is alledged that his Grace was assisted, in writing it, by his chaplain Dr. Thomas Sprat, Martin Clifford Esq; master of the Charter-house, and Mr. Samuel Butler author of Hudibras.

It had been finished before the end of 1664, and had been several times rehearsed; the players were perfect in their parts, and all things in readiness for acting, before the great plague in 1665, which then prevented it: but what was then intended was very different from what now appears. In that he called his poet Bilboa, by which name Sir Robert Howard was the person pointed at. But from that time till the year 1671, when it was first acted, many plays came forth writ in heroic rhyme; and on the death of Sir William D'Avenant in 1669, whom Mr. Dryden succeeded as Laureat, these became still in greater vogue from Mr. Dryden's example, who was much admired and highly applauded, tho' he fell into the wild and licentious humour of those times. This moved the Duke to change the name of his poet from Bilboa to Bayes, and through the whole play he misses no opportunity of exposing the hero and his works.

Mr. Dryden was sensibly touched thereby, and in revenge for the ridicule thrown upon him in this piece, he exposed the Duke under the name of Zimri in his *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*, in the following lines:

A man so various, that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fidler, statesman and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.

Bleff

Blest madman, who cou'd ev'ry hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both (to shew his judgment) in extremes ;
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandring wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;
 For spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom, and wise Achitophel.
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

But however just the above character may be of
 the Duke, as it favours too much of revenge, Mr.
 Dryden is much more indebted, for his vindication,
 to the great Lord Lansdown, who, in his *Essay*
upon unnatural flights in poetry, has made a noble
 apology for those extravagant rants and unnatural
 conceits wherewith his plays abound, and intirely
 ascribes them to the depraved taste, and licentious
 humour which prevailed in those days : The lines
 are these ;

Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
 Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rage,
 To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
 Comply'd to custom, but not err'd by choice :
 Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin
 Almanzor's rage, and rants of Maximin ;
 That fury spent in each elab'rate piece,
 He vies for fame with ancient Rome or Greece.

This

This play has undergone many editions ; but it was several years after its appearance before the key to it was published : in which the most remarkable passages of the plays, and the conduct of their authors, which the Duke had in his eye and alludes to, are pointed out. This key was formerly printed altogether before the play ; but the present editors have thought fit to throw it into the margin for the convenience of the Reader, who by this means, has the passages, &c. themselves, and his Grace's parody or satyr before him at once.

PLAYS mentioned in the Notes to the REHEARSAL.

- I. **THE** *Lost Lady* ; by Sir William Barclay.
- II. *Love and Honour* ; by Sir William D'Avenant.
- III. *Love and Friendship* ;
- IV. *Pandora* ;
- V. *Siege of Rhodes*, part I. by Sir William D'Avenant.
- VI. *Play-House to be lett* ; by Colonel Henry Howard.
- VII. *United Kingdoms* ; by the same.
- VIII. *Slighted Maid* ; by Sir Robert Stapleton.
- IX. *Wild Gallant* ; by Mr. Dryden.
- X. *English Monsieur* ; by Mr. James Howard.
- XI. *The Villain* ; by Major Tho. Porter.
- XII. *The Prologue to the Maiden-Queen* ; by Mr. Dryden.
- XIII. *The amorous Prince* ; by Mrs. Behn.
- XIV. *Tyrannic Love and Prologue* ; by Mr. Dryden.
- XV. *Granada*, 2 parts ; by Mr. Dryden.
- XVI. *Marriage a la-mode* ; by Mr. Dryden.
- XVII. *Love in a Nunnery* ; by Mr. Dryden.

PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this short Mock-play of ours
A Posy made of Weeds, instead of Flow'rs ;
Yet such have been presented to your Noses,
And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.
Would some of 'em were here, to see, this Night,
What Stuff it is in which they took delight !
Here, brisk, insipid Rogues, for Wit, let fall
Sometimes dull Sense ; but oftner none at all :
There, strutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd Train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyzes Vein :
For (changing Rules, of late, as if Men writ
In spite of Reason, Nature, Art and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now, Critics, do your worst, that here are met ;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve ; I shall assume the State
Of those High-flyers whom I imitate :
And justly too ; for I will teach you more
Than ever they would let you know before :
I will not only shew the Feats they do,
But give you all their Reasons for 'em too.
Some Honour may to me from hence arise :
But if, by my Endeavours, you grow wise,
And, what you once so prais'd, shall now despise ;
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with poetic Rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your Stage.

The ACTORS Names.

Bayes,
Johnson,
Smith,
2 Kings of Brentford,
Prince Prettyman,
Prince Volscius,
Gentleman-Usher,
Physician,
Drawcanfir,
General,
Lieutenant-general,
Cordelio,

Tom Thimble,
Fisheraman,
Shirley,
Sun,
Thunder,
Players,
Soldiers,
Two Heralds,
Four Cardinals,
Judges, Mayor,
Serjeants-at-Arms,

} Mutes.

W O M E N.

Amaryllis,
Cloris,
Parthenope,
Pallas,

Lightning,
Moon,
Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

SCENE, BRENTFORD.

THE
REHEARSAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

JOHNSON and SMITH.

JOHNSON.

HONEST *Frank!* I am glad to see thee with all my heart. How long hast thou been in town?

Smi. Faith not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the strange new things we have heard in the country.

Johns. And by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things, we are tir'd out with here.

Smi. Dull and fantastic! that's an excellent composition. Pray what are our men of business doing?

Johns. I ne'er inquire after 'em. Thou knowest my humour lies another way. I love to please myself as much, and to trouble others as little, as I can: and therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn fops; who, being incapable of reason, and insensible of wit and pleasure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of business.

Smi. Indeed I have ever observ'd, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

Johns.

Johns. Ay, and of birds, and beasts too ; your gravest bird is an owl, and your gravest beast is an afs.

Smi. Well, but how dost thou pass thy time ?

Johns. Why, as I use to do ; eat, and drink as well as I can, have a she-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a play : where there are such things, *Frank*, such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the stage, and resolve to apply myself to the solid nonsense of your men of business, as the more ingenious pastime.

Smi. I have heard indeed, you have had lately many new plays ; and our country-wits commend 'em.

Johns. Ay, so do some of our city-wits too ; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smi. New kind ! what kind is that ?

Johns. Why, your virtuosi, your civil persons, your drolls ; fellows that scorn to imitate nature ; but are given altogether to elevate and surprize.

Smi. Elevate and surprize ! pry'thee make me understand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter ; I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is : Let me see ; 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhiming, dying, dancing, singing, crying ; and every thing, but thinking and sense.

Mr. BAYES passes over the Stage.

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

Johns. God's so, this is an author ! I'll go fetch him to you.

Smi. No, pry'thee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord I'll have him.

[Goes after him.]

Here he is, I have caught him. Pray Sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine ?

Bayes.

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive 'em ; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this.——Sweet Sir, your servant.

Smi. Your humble servant, Sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favour now ?

Bayes. Ay, Sir: what is't ?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning ? do you mean the plot ?

Johns. Ay, ay ; any thing.

Bayes. Faith Sir, the intrigo's now quite out of my head ; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a virgin ; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'tis all new wit ; and, tho' I say it, a better than my last : and you know well enough how that took. (a) In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew ; ay, and pit, box, and gallery it, I gad, with any play in Europe. This morning is it's last rehearsal in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted ; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin-attire, tho' perhaps it may blush, I shall not be asham'd to discover its nakedness unto you——I think it is in this pocket. [Puts his Hand in his Pocket.

Johns. Sir, I confess, I am not able to answer you in this new way ; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you ; and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smi. Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy : this is my book of drama common-places ; the mother of many other plays.

Johns.

(a) In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew ; ay, and pit, box, and gallery it, I gad, with any play in Europe. This was the usual language of the honourable Edward Howard Esq; at the rehearsal of his plays.

Johns. Ay, and of birds, and beasts too ; your gravest bird is an owl, and your gravest beast is an ass.

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Johns. Drama common-places ! Pray what's that ?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smi. How, Sir, helps for wit ?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position. And I do here aver, that no man yet the sun e'er shone upon has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules. (b)

Johns. What are those rules, I pray ?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*: changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternative* as you please.

Smi. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir ?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easy when understood; I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time) and, if it be verse, put it into prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting verse into prose should be call'd transposing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smi. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then ?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis so chang'd that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Johns. We hear you, Sir; go on.

Bayes. As thus; I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark ?) but as soon as any
one

(b) *These my rules.*

" He who wrote this, not without pain and thought,

" From *French* and *English* theatres has brought

" The exactest rules by which a play is wrought.

" The unity of action, place and time;

" The scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime

" Of *Johnson's* humour, with *Corneille's* rhyme."

Prologue to the Maiden Queen.

one speaks, pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Johns. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus, by art?

Bayes. No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule that I have here in my pocket.

Smi. What rule can that be, I wonder!

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perfius*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca's* tragedies, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Pluturch's* lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as sure, and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sirs, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

Smi. We'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter three PLAYERS upon the Stage.

1. *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2. *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3. *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in; whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1. *Play.* Phoo! the author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the
grand

grand design upon the stage is to keep the auditors in suspense ; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sense, tires them before the end of the first act : now, here every line surprizes you, and brings in matter. And then, for scenes, cloaths and dance, we put quite down all that ever went before us : and those are the things, you know, that are essential to a play.

2 *Play*. Well, I am not of thy mind ; but, so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter BAYES, JOHNSON and SMITH.

Bayes. Come, come in gentlemen. Y^e are very welcome Mr.—a—Ha' you your part ready ?

1 *Play*. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true humour of it ?

1 *Play*. Ay, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And *Amaryllis*, how does she do ? Does not her armour become her ?

3 *Play*. O, admirably !

Bayes. I'll tell you, now, a pretty conceit. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this play ?

Smi. What, I pray ?

Bayes. Why, I make 'em call her *Armaryllis*, because of her armour. Ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very well indeed.

Bayes. Ay, it's a pretty little rogue ; I knew her face would set off armour extremely ; and, to tell you true, I writ that part only for her. You must know she is my mistress (c).

Johns. Then I know another thing, little *Bayes*, that thou hast had her, I gad.

Bayes. No, I gad, not yet ; but I am sure I shall : for I have talk'd bawdy to her already.

Johns.

(c) I writ that part only for her. You must know she is my mistress.) The part of *Amaryllis* was acted by Mrs. Anne Reeves, who, at that time, was kept by Mr. *Bayes*.

Johns. Hast thou, faith? pr'ythee how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is in the *French* tongue a certain criticism, which, by the variation of the masculine adjective instead of the feminine, makes a quite different signification of the word; as for example, *Ma vie*, is my life; but, if before *vie* you put *mon* instead of *ma*, you make it bawdy.

Johns. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I, having observ'd this, set a trap for her, the other day in the tiring-room; for this, said I, *Adieu bel esperansa de ma vie*; (which I gad is very pretty :) to which she answered, I vow, almost as prettily every jot; for, said she, *Songez a ma vie, Monsieur*; whereupon I presently snapp'd this upon her; *Non, non, Madam—Songez vous a mon*, by gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smi. This is one of the richest stories, Mr. *Bayes*, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. Ay, let me alone, I gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em, I warrant you: but I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another woman in this city.

Smi. How kept? for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *beau garçon*: I am ifakins.

Smi. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the rogue is so fond of me, Mr. *Johnson*, that, I vow to gad, I know not what to do with myself.

Johns. Do with thyself! no? I wonder how thou canst make a shift to hold out at this rate.

Bayes. O devil, I can toil like a horse; only sometimes it makes me melancholy; and then I vow to gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing, if it were to save my life.

Smi. That we verily believe, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, I gad, which mads me in my amours; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. *Johnson*, my acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull: now I am the farthest from it in the

whole world, I gad ; but only forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

Johns. Phoo, pox. That's ill-natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Ay, gad, there's no trusting o' these rogues ; but—a—Come, let's sit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the thing in nature that makes up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose (*d*) two kings of the same place : as for example, at *Brentford* ; for I love to write familiarly. Now, the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that, are divided amongst themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em : the kings differing sometimes in particulars : tho', in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make myself well understood.)

Johns. I did not observe you, Sir ; pray, say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrass'd by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their

(*d*) I suppose two kings of the same place : as for example, at *Brentford* ; for I love to write familiarly.) Colonel Henry Howard, son of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, made a play, called *The United Kingdoms*, which had two kings in it. This, it is generally believed, gave our noble author just occasion to set up two kings at *Brentford* ; tho' others are of opinion, his Grace had the two royal brothers in his thought. The *United Kingdoms* was acted at the *Cock-pit* in *Drury-lane*, soon after the restoration ; but, miscarrying on the stage, the author had the modesty not to print it ; and therefore the reader cannot reasonably expect any particular passages of it. Others are of opinion, that the two kings are meant in ridicule of *Boabdellin* and *Abdalla*, the two contending kings of *Granada* ; and Mr. Dryden has, in most of his serious plays, two contending kings of the same place.

their own interest, as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a——you understand me——upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that——In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it.

[Exit to call the Players.]

Smi. I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

Enter BAYES.

Bayes. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either;——(that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue) [do you mark?] nay, they may both serve too, I gad, for any other play as well as this.

Smi. Very well. That's indeed artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue? for, you must know, there is in nature but two ways of making very good prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that—a—in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censoring persons, as cannot otherways, a gad, in nature, be hindred from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first prologue is (*e*), that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furr'd cap, and his sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, that if, out of good nature, they will not like my play, I gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all fall a clapping—a—

Smi. Ay, but suppose they don't.

Bayes.

(*e*) To which end, my first prologue is, &c.) See the two prologues to the *Maiden-Queen*.

Bayes. Suppose ! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir ; nor am not at all mortified at it : not at all, Sir ; I gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppose quotha ! ha, ha, ha. *[Walks away.]*

Johns. Phoo ! pr'ythee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he says : he is a fellow newly come out of the country, he knows nothing of what's the relish here of the town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to please the country, I should have follow'd the old plain way : but I write for some persons of quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what flame and power in writing is ; and they do me right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johns. Ay, ay, they will clap, I warrant you ; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm sure the design's good ; that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I defy 'em all, in nature, to mend it. *(f)* Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes ; and withall, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends to be ready in the pit, who I'm sure will clap, and so the rest you know must follow ; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your suppose ? ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes. I think so, Sir ; and therefore would chuse this to be the prologue. For, if I could engage 'em to clap, before they see the play, you know it would be so much the better, because they were engaged ; for let a man write never so well, there are, now a-days,

(f) Besides, I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes.) There were printed papers given the audience before the acting of the *Indian Emperor*, telling them that it was the sequel of the *Indian Queen*, part of which play was written by Mr. *Bayes*.

days, a sort of persons they call critics, that, I gad (*g*), have no more wit in them than so many hobby-horses; but they'll laugh at you Sir, and find fault, and censure things, that, I gad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame, by calumnation of persons, that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that as—a—In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

Johns. Nay, you have said enough of 'em, in all conscience; I'm sure more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd, I gad, see 'em all hang'd, before I would e'er set pen to paper, but let them live in ignorance like ingrates.

Johns. Ay, marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed; and, if I were in your place now, I would do so.

Bayes. No, Sir; there are certain ties (*b*) upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from; otherways I would. But, pray, Sir, how do you like my hang-man?

Smi. By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes.

(*g*) *That, I gad, &c.*) I gad, I vow to gad, and all that, is the constant stile of *Failer* in the *Wild Gallant*; for which take this specimen:

"*Failer.* Really, Madam, I look upon you as a person of such worth, and all that, that, I vow to gad, I honour you of all persons in the world; and, tho' I am a person that am inconsiderable in the world, and all that, Madam, yet, for a person of your worth and excellency, I would, &c."

(*b*) *Bayes.* No, Sir, there are certain ties upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from.) Mr. *Dryden* had contracted with the King's Company of Actors in the year 1668, for a whole share, to write them four plays a year.

Bayes. But how do you like it, Sir? (for I see you can judge) would you have it for a prologue or an epilogue.

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

Johns. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is Thunder and Lightning.

Johns. That's greater, I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; tho' there have been many witty prologues written of late, yet, I think, you'll say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure nobody has hit upon it yet. For, here, Sir, I make my prologue to be a dialogue; and as in my first, you see I strive to oblige the auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in terrorem*, I chuse for the persons, Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the conceit?

Johns. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare affront an author, that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate, dainty simile's in the whole world, I gad, if I knew how to apply it.

Smi. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion of love.

(i) So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gathering in the sky:

Boar

(i) *So boar and sow, &c.* These verses are in ridicule of the following lines in the *Conquest of Granada*, part II. p. 48.

"So two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,

"Look up, and see it gath'ring in the sky:

"Each calls his mate to shelter in the groves,

"Leaving in murmurs their unfinish'd loves;

"Pearch'd on some drooping branch, they sit alone,

"And coo, and hearken to each others moan."

Boar beckons sow to trot in chesnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd loves ;
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore, and gruntle to each other's moan.

How do you like it now, ha ?

Johns. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine; and very applicable to thunder and lightning, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. I gad and so it does, now I think on't; Mr. *Johnson*, I thank you; and I put it in, *profecto*. Come out Thunder and Lightning.

Enter THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

Thun. I am the bold thunder.

Bayes. Mr *Cartwright*, pr'ythee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold thunder! Pshaw! speak it in a voice that thunders out indeed: I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold thunder. (*k*)

Light. The brisk lightning I.

Bayes. Nay, but you must be quick and nimble. The brisk lightning I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest *Hector* of the sky.

Light. And I fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the town.

Thun. Let critics take heed how they grumble,
For then I begin for to rumble.

Light. Let the ladies allow us their graces (*l*),
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their peter to foot.

Thun.

(*k*) *I am the bold thunder.*) In ridicule of this passage,

"I am the evening dark as night."

Slighted Maid, p. 48.

(*l*) *Let the ladies allow us, &c.*)

"Let the men wear the ditches,

"Maids look to their breeches;

"We'll scratch them with briars and thorns."

Slighted Maid, p. 49.

Thun. Let the critics look to't.

Light. Let the ladies look to't.

Thun. For thunder will do't.

Light. For lightning will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dafh for dafh.

Light. I'll give you flafh for flafh.

Gallants I'll finge your feather.

Thun. I'll thunder you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't:
Look to't, we'll do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*]

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a flafh of a pro-
logue. A droll. [*Exeunt ambo.*]

Smi. Yes, 'tis short indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the fimile's in, it will do to a mi-
racle, I gad. Come, come, begin the play.

Enter 1st PLAYER.

I. Play. Sir, (*m*) Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but
he'll be here presently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take
a pipe of tobacco. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the First Act.

A C T

(*m*) Mr. *Abraham Ivory*, &c.) Mr. *Abraham Ivory* had
formerly been a considerable Actor of women's parts; but af-
terwards stupify'd himself so far, with drinking strong waters,
that, before the first acting of this farce, he was fit for nothing,
but to go of errands; for which, and meer charity, the Company
allow'd him a weekly salary.

ACT II. SCENE I.

BAYES, JOHNSON, and SMITH.

BAYES.

NOW, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, I begin this play with a whisper. (n)

Sm. Umph! very new indeed.

Ba. Come, take your seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter GENTLEMAN-USHER and PHYSICIAN.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I guess you to be the gentleman-usher of this sumptuous palace.

Ush. And by your gate and fashion, I should almost suspect, you rule the healths of both our noble kings, under the notion of physician.

Phys. You hit my function right.

Ush. And, you mine.

Phys. Then let's embrace.

Ush. Come.

Phys. Come.

Johns. Pray, Sir, who are those so very civil persons?

Ba. Why, Sir, the gentleman-usher, and physician of the two kings of *Brentford*.

Johns. But, pray then, how comes it to pass, that they know one another no better?

D

Ba.

(n) *I begin this play with a whisper.* See the *Amorous Prince*, p. 20, 22, 39, 69. where you will find all the chief commands and directions are given in whispers.

"*Drake Sen.* Draw up our men;

"And in low whispers give our orders out."

Play-House to be lett, p. 100.

Ba. Phoo ! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

Johns. Very well.

Phyf. Sir, to conclude.

Smi. What, before he begins ?

Ba. No, Sir, you must know, they had been a-talk_ging of this a pretty while without.

Smi. Where, in the tiring-room ?

Ba. Why, ay Sir. He's so dull ! Come, speak again.

Phyf. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot, and all these threatning storms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will, when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason, melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Ba. Pray, mark that allegory. Is not that good ?

Johns. Yes, that grasping of a storm, with the eye, is admirable.

Phyf. But yet some rumours great are stirring ; and if *Lorenza* should prove false, (which none but the gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that——

[*Whispers.*

Ba. Now he whispers.

Ush. Alone, do you say ?

Phyf. No, attended with the noble—— [*Whispers.*

Ba. Again.

Ush. Who, he in gray ?

Phyf. Yes, and at the head of—— [*Whispers.*

Ba. Pray, mark.

Ush. Then, Sir, most certainly, 'twill in time appear.

These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't. First, he—— [*Whispers.*

Ba. Now the other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, they—— [*Whispers.*

Ba. At it still.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they——

[*Whispers.*

Ba.

Ba. Now they both whisper.

[*Exeunt whispering.*]

Now, gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

Johns. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two kings of the same place?

Ba. Why? because 'tis new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your *Johnson* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from nature; I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smi. But what think you of Sir *John Suckling*?

Ba. By gad, I am a better poet than he.

Smi. Well, Sir, but pray why all this whispering?

Ba. Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are supposed to be politicians; and matters of state ought not to be divulg'd.

Smi. But then, Sir, why——

Ba. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompens'd.

[*Goes to the Door.*]

Johns. How dost thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smi. Why, I did never before this see any thing in nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* says) so foolish, but I could give some guess at what mov'd the fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

Johns. It is all alike: (o) Mr. *Wintershall* has inform'd me of this play already. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou shalt not see one scene here worth one farthing, or like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the world. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

Smi. It does surprize me, I'm sure very much.

Johns.

(o) Mr. William Wintershall, &c.) Mr. Wintershall was a most excellent, judicious Actor; and the best instructor of others: he dy'd in July 1679.

Johns. Ay, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a play or two, that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of foppery.

Smi. Pox on't but, there's no pleasure in him; he's too gross a fool to be laugh'd at.

Enter BAYES.

Johns. I'll swear, Mr. *Bayes*, you have done this scene most admirably; tho', I must tell you, Sir, it is a very difficult matter to pen a whisper well.

Ba. Ay, Gentlemen, when you come to write yourselves, o'my word, you'll find it so.

Johns. Have a care of what you say, Mr. *Bayes*, for Mr. *Smith* there, I assure you, has written a great many fine things already.

Ba. Has he, ifackins? Why then pray, Sir, how do you do, when you write?

Smi. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Ba. Ay, but I mean, what do you, when you write?

Smi. I take pen, ink and paper, and sit down.

Ba. Now, I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is, with what do you prepare yourself?

Smi. Prepare myself! what the devil does the fool mean?

Ba. Why, I'll tell you now, what I do. (p) If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physick, and let blood: for, when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have

(p) *If I am to write familiar things, &c.* This humorous account of Mr. *Bayes's* management of himself, is a banter upon Mr. *Dryden's* practice, which is alledged to have been much as here represented.

have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the belly.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Ba. Ay, 'tis my secret; and in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smi. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Ba. May be, Sir! ay gad, I'm sure on't: *experto crede Roberto*. But I must give you this caution by the way, be sure you never take (q) snuff, when you write.

Smi. Why so, Sir?

Ba. Why, it spoil'd me once, I gad, one of the sparkishest plays in all *England*. But a friend of mine at *Gresham College* has promis'd to help me to some spirit of brains, and, I gad, that shall do my business.

SCENE II.

Enter the two KINGS, Hand in Hand.

Ba. Oh, these are now the two kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their stile: 'twas never yet upon the stage; but if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole play writ all just so.

1 *King* Did you observe their whispers, brother king?

2 *King*. I did, and heard besides, a grave bird sing. That they intend, sweet heart, to play us pranks.

Ba. This is now familiar, because they are both persons of the same quality

Smi. 'Sdeath, this would make a man spew.

1 *King*.

(q) Be sure you never take snuff, &c.) Mr. Dryden was a great taker of snuff, and made most of it himself.

1 *King*. If that design appears,
I'll lug 'em by the ears,
Until I make 'em crack.

2 *King*. And so will I, i'fack.

1 *King*. You must begin, *mon foi*.

2 *King*. Sweet Sir, *pardonnez moi*.

Ba. Mark that: I make 'em both speak *French* to
shew their breeding.

Johns. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 *King*. Then spite of fate, we'll thus combined
stand;

And like true brothers, walk still hand in hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*]

Johns. This is a majestic scene indeed.

Ba. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your rogue
critics, I gad: I would fain see the proudest of 'em
all but dare to nibble at this; I gad, if they do, this
shall rub their gurns for 'em, I promise you. It was
I, you must know, that have written a whole play just
in this very same stile; it was never acted yet.

Johns. How so?

Ba. I gad, I can hardly tell you, for laughing, ha,
ha, ha, it is so pleasant a story: ha, ha, ha.

Smi. What is't?

Ba. I gad, the players refus'd to act it. Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. That's impossible.

Ba. I gad, they did it, Sir, point-blank refused it,
I gad, ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Fy, that was rude.

Ba. Rude! ay, I gad, they are the rudest, uncivil-
est persons, and all that, in the world, I gad: I gad,
there's no living with 'em: I have written, Mr. *John-
son*, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things,
every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad,
these insolent rascals have turn'd 'em all back upon my
hands again.

Johns. Strange fellows indeed!

Smi.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came these two kings to know of this whisper? for as I remember, they were not at it.

Ba. No, but that's the actor's fault, and not mine; for the two kings should, a pox take 'em, have popp'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smi. That, indeed, wou'd ha' done it.

Ba. Done it! ay, I gad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in *Christendom*. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnson*, I vow to gad, I have been so highly disobligh'd by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I'm resolv'd hereafter to bend my thoughts wholly for the service of the nursery, and mump your proud players, I gad. So now Prince *Pretty-man* comes in, and falls asleep making love to his mistress, which, you know, was a grand intrigue in (r) a late play, written by a very honest gentleman; by a knight.

SCENE II.

Enter Prince PRETTY-MAN.

PRETTY-MAN.

How strange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuse my love, or blame my fate?
My love I cannot, that is too divine:
And against fate, what mortal dares repine?

Enter CLORIS.

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing comet! Is it not? [*Lies down.*

Ba. Blazing comet! Mark that, I gad, very fine!

Pret. But I am so surpriz'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. [*Sleeps.*

Ba. Does not that now surprize you to fall asleep in the nick?

His

(r) In a late play, &c.) *The Lost Lady*, wrote by Sir Robert Stapleton.

His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and, swop, falls asleep as you see. Now here she must make a simile.

Smi. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?

Ba. Because she's surpriz'd; that's a general rule; you must ever make a simile, when you are surpriz'd; 'tis a new way of writing.

Cloris. (s) As some tall pine, which we on *Ætna* find

T'have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind;
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would consume his root and sap away;
He spreads his worsted arms into the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
Break forth bright scorching sun, and dry my tears.

[Exit.

Johns. Mr. Bayes, methinks, this simile wants a little application too.

Ba. No, faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that; which, you know, are the natural effects of an amour. But I'm afraid, this scene has made you sad; for I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself

Smi. No truly. Sir, my spirits are almost exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince PRETTY-MAN starts up and says—

Prett. It is resolv'd.

[Exit.

Ba. That's all.

Smi.

(s) *As some tall pine, &c.*) In imitation of this passage.

"As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress,

"Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest:

"And bending to the blast, all pale, and dead,

"Hears from within the wind sing round its head:

"So shrouded up your beauty disappears;

"Unveil, my Love, and lay aside your fears.

"The storm, that caus'd your fright, is past and gone."

Conquest of Granada, part I. p. 55.

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be so bold as to ask you one question now, and you not be angry?

Ba. O lord Sir, you may ask me any thing that you please; I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour; you do not know me if you say that Sir.

Smi. Then pray, Sir, what is it, that this prince here has resolv'd in his sleep?

Ba. Why, I must confess, that question is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know Sir, that to out-do all my fellow writers, whereas they keep their *intrigo* secret, till the very last scene before the dance; I now, Sir, (do you mark)—a—

Smi. Begin the play, and end it, without ever opening the plot at all.

Ba. I do so, that's the very plain troth on't; ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here now is a scene of business: pray observe it; for I dare say you'll think this no unwise discourse, nor ill-argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a discourse I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCENE IV.

Enter GENTLEMAN-USHER and PHYSICIAN.

Ush. Come Sir, let's state the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right, lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, i'faith.

Ba. I do just so, I gad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, Whether they heard us whisper? Which I divide thus.

Phys. Yes, it must be divided so indeed.

Smi. That's very complaisant, I swear, Mr. *Bayes*,

to be of another man's opinion, before he knows what it is.

Ba. Nay, I bring in none here but well-bred persons, I assure you.

Ufb. I divide the question into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

Johns. Most admirably divided I swear!

Ufb. As to the when; you say just now: so that is answer'd. Then as for what; why, what answers itself; for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? so that naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *viz.* whether they heard or no?

Smi. This is a very wise scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

Ba. Ay, you have it right; they are both politicians.

Ufb. Pray then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that question.

Phyf. No, you'll answer better, pray let me ask it you.

Ufb. Your will must be a law.

Phyf. Come then, what is't I must ask?

Smi. This politician, I perceive, Mr. *Bayes*, has somewhat a short memory.

Ba. Why Sir, you must know, that t'other is the main politician, and this is but his pupil.

Ufb. You must ask me whether they heard us whisper.

Phyf. Well I do so.

Ufb. Say it then.

Smi. Hey day! here's the bravest work that ever I saw.

Johns. This is mighty methodical!

Ba. Ay, Sir; that's the way, 'tis the way of art; there is no other way, I gad, in business.

Phyf. Did they hear us whisper?

Ufb. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word whisper; to whisper, in *Latin* is *susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now, if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper:

per : but then comes in the *quomodo*, the how ; how did they hear us whisper ? Why, as to that, there are two ways ; the one by chance or accident, the other on purpose ; that is, with design to hear us whisper.

Phyf. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em phyfic more.

Ufb. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Ba. Pray mark this : for a great deal depends upon it, towards the latter end of the play.

Smi. I suppose, that's the reason why you brought in this scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

Ba. Partly it was, Sir ; but I confess, I was not unwilling besides, to shew the world a pattern here, how men should talk of business.

Johns. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Ba. Yes, I think, this will do.

Phyf. Well, if they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and no body else will take us.

Smi. Not for politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phyf. Let's then no more ourselves in vain bemoan : We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Ufb. 'Tis right :

And since occasion now seems debonair,

I'll seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

[*They draw their Swords, and sit in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.*]

Ba. There's now an odd surprize ; (t) the whole state's turn'd quite topsy-turvy, without any pother or stir in the whole world, I gad.

Johns.

(t) *The whole state's turned quite topsy-turvy, &c.* Such easy turns of state are frequent in our modern plays : where we see princes dethron'd, and governments changed, by very feeble means, and on slight occasions : particularly, in *Marriage-a-la-mode* ; a play, wrote since the first publication of this farce. Where (to pass by the dulness of the state-part, the obscurity of the comic, the near resemblance *Leonidas* bears to our Prince *Prettyman*, being sometimes a king's son, sometimes a shepherd's ; and, not to question how *Amalthea* comes to be a princess, her brother, the king's great favorite, being but a lord)

'tis

Johns. A very silent change of government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Ba. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Usurpers march out flourishing their Swords.*]

Enter SHIRLEY.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho; what a change is here! (*u*) hey day! hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say. [*Exit.*]

Johns. Mr. Bayes, in my opinion, now that gentleman might have said a little more upon this occasion.

Ba. No, Sir, not at all; for I underwrit his part, on purpose to set off the rest.

Johns. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smi.

'tis worth our while to observe, how easily the fierce and jealous usurper is depos'd, and the right heir placed on the throne: as it is thus related by the said imaginary princefs.

"*Amal.* Oh, gentlemen, if you have loyalty,

"Or courage, shew it now; *Leonidas*,

"Broke on a sudden from his guards, and snatching

"A sword from one, his back against the scaffold,

"Bravely defends himself; and owns aloud

"He is our long lost king, found for this moment;

"But if your valours help not, lost for ever.

"Two of his guards, mov'd by the sense of virtue,

"Are turn'd for him; and there they stand at bay,

"Against a host of foes."

Marriage a-la-mode, p. 69.

This shews Mr. Bayes to be a man of constancy, and firm to his resolution, and not to be laugh'd out of his own method: agreeable to what he says in the next act.

"As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say?"

(*u*) Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say.)

"I know not what to say, nor what to think:

"I know not when I sleep, nor when I wake."

Love and Friendship, p. 46.

"My doubts and fears my reason do dismay.

"I know not what to do, nor what to say."

Pandora, p. 46.

Smi. But pray, Sir, how came they to depose the kings so easily?

Ba. Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reason that I made 'em whisper so at first.

Smi. O very well, how I am fully satisfied.

Ba. And then to shew you, Sir, it was not done so very easily neither; in the next scene you shall see some fighting.

Smi. O ho: so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done?

Ba. Ay.

Smi. O, I conceive you; that, I swear, is very natural.

SCENE V.

Enter four Men at one Door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.

1 *Soldier.* Stand: who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A friend.

1 *Sol.* What friend?

2 *Sol.* A friend to the house.

1 *Sol.* Fall on. *[They all kill one another.*

[Music strikes.

Ba. Hold, hold, *[To the Music. It ceaseth.*

Now, here's an odd surprize; all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a dancing. Do you hear dead men? Remember your note in *Effaut flat*.

Play on. *[To the Music.*

Now, now, now.

[The Music plays his Note, and the Dead Men rise; but cannot get in order.

O lord! O lord!

Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so! no figure, no ear, no time, no thing! Udzoekers, you dance

dance worse than the angels in *Harry the eighth*, or the fat spirits in the *Tempest*, I gad.

1 *Sol.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time to this tune.

Ba. O lord, O lord, impossible! Why, gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a christian, I sat up two whole nights in composing this air, and apting it for the business: for, if you observe, there are two several designs in this tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time and time; you shall see me do't: look you now. Here I am dead.

[Lies down flat on his Face.]

Now, mark my note in *Effaut flat*. Strike up music. Now.

[As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.]

Ah, gadzookers. I have broke my nose.

Johns. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours, in *Effaut*.

Ba. A plague of this damn'd stage, with your nails and tenter-hooks, that a gentleman cannot come to teach to act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown paper?

Smi. No, indeed, Sir, I don't usually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Ba. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like horsemen.

Smi. Like horsemen! what a plague can that be.

[Exit BAYES.]

[They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.]

1 *Sol.* A devil! let's try this no longer: play my dance that Mr. Bayes found fault with so.

[Dance and exeunt.]

Smi. What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

Johns. Pr'ythee, let's go see.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

BAYES, *with a Paper on his Nose, and the two gentlemen.*

Ba. NOW, Sirs, this I do, because my fancy, in this play, is to end every act with a dance.

Smi. Faith, that fancy is very good; but I should hardly have broke my nose for it tho'.

Johns. That fancy, I suppose, is new too.

Ba. Sir, all my fancies are so. I tread upon no man's heels; but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. (x) Now, here comes in a scene of sheer wit, without any mixture in the whole world, I gad, between Prince *Prettyman* and his taylor: it might properly enough be called a prize of wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another snip snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'other's upon him, slap, with a repartee, then he at him again, dash with a new conceit; and so eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the stage.

[Goes to call the Players.]

Smi. What a plague does this fop mean by his snip snap, hit for hit, and dash?

John. Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's life: what dost talk of meaning for?

Enter BAYES.

Ba. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince PRETTYMAN and Tom THIMBLE:
This scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well

(x) Now, here comes in a scene of sheer wit, &c.) This description of the following scene betwixt Prince *Prettyman* and *Tom Thimble*, his taylor, and the scene itself, is an admirable fatyr, and parody on the scene betwixt *Failer* and *Bibber*, his taylor, in the *Wild Gallant*, p. 5, and 6.

well acted ; for it is as full of drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an orange stuff'd with cloves, as for conceit.

Pret. But pr'ythee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs marry ? If nine taylors make but one man ; and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men ; what work art thou cutting out here for thyself, trow ?

Ba. Good.

Thim. Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want journey-men enough to help me, I warrant you.

Ba. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy journeymen tho', *Tom*, won't work by the day, but by the night.

Ba. Good still.

Thim. However, if my wife sits but cross-legg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger ; not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your coronation-suit.

Ba. Very good i'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon trust ; it was the fashion. You would not be out of fashion at such a time, as that, sure : a taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

Ba. Right.

Thim. (y) I'm sure, Sir, I made your cloaths in the court fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Ba. There's a bob for the court.

Pret. Why, *Tom*, thou'rt a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see : thou pay'st me now, methinks.

Ba. There's pay upon pay, as good as ever was written.

Thim. (z) Ay, Sir, in your own coin : you give me nothing but words.

Ba.

(y) *I'm sure I made your cloths, &c.* " Nay, if that be all, there's no such haste. The courtiers are not so forward to pay their debts." *Wild Gallant, p. 9.*

(z) *Ay, Sir, in your own coin, you give me nothing but words.*

" *Failer.*

Ba. Admirably, before gad.

Pret. Well, *Tom*, I hope shortly I shall have another coin for thee; for now the wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of metal.

Ba. O, you did not do that half enough.

Johns. Methinks he does it admirably.

Ba. Ay, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: (a) he does not top his part.

Thim. That's the way to be stamp'd yourself, Sir. I shall see you come home, like an angel for the king's evil, with a hole bor'd thro' you. [Exeunt.]

Ba. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad! How do you like it now, gentlemen? is not this pure wit?

Smi. 'Tis snip snap, Sir, as you say; but methinks not pleasant, nor to the purpose, for the play does not go on.

Ba. Play does not go on! I don't know what you mean! why, is not this part of the play?

Smi. Yes, but the plot stands still.

Ba. Plot stands still! why, what a devil is the plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smi. O, I did not know that before.

Ba. No, I think you did not; nor many things more that I am master of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us writers; let us soar but never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoil'd, for the vulgar never understand it; they can never, conceive you, Sir, the excellency of these things.

F

Johns.

" *Failer.* Take a little biber,

" And throw him in the river,

" And if he will trust never,

" Then there let him ly ever.

" *Bibber.* Then say I,

" Take a little failer,

" And throw him to the jailer,

" And there let him ly,

" Till he has paid his tailor."

Wild Gallant, p. 12.

(a) He does not top his part.)
word with Mr. *Edward Howard*.

To top a part was a great

Johns. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess; but you write on still for all that?

Ba. Write on! Ay, I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me; if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. (b) As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say? what, are they gone, without singing my last new song? 'Sbud, would it were in their bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnson*, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to gad, this song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written: you must know, it was made by *Tom Thimble's* first wife after she was dead.

Smi. How, Sir, after she was dead?

Ba. Ay, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

Johns. Say? why nothing; he were a devil, that had any thing to say to that?

Ba. Right.

Smi. How did she come to die, pray, Sir?

Ba. Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall; but here's the conceit, that, upon his knowing she was killed by an accident, he supposes, with a sigh, that she died for love of him.

Johns. Ay, ay, that's well enough: let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes*.

Ba. 'Tis to the tune of, Farewel, fair *Armida*, on seas, and in battles, in bullets, and all that.

S O N G.

(c) In swords, pike, and bullets, 'tis safer to be,
Than in a strong castle, remoted from thee:

My

(b) *As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say.* Referring to Mr. *Dryden's* obstinate adherence to some things in his plays, in opposition to the sound judgment of all unprejudic'd critics. See an instance of this noticed in the note, p. 36.

(c) *In swords, pikes, and bullets, &c.* In imitation of this passage,

"On

My death's bruise pray think you gave me, tho' a
fall

Did give it me more, from the top of a wall;
For then if the moat, on her mud would first lay,
And after, before you my body convey:

The blue on my breast when you happen to see,
You'll say, with a sigh, there's a true blue for me.

Ha, rogues! when I am merry, I write these things
as fast as hops, I gad; for you must know I am as
pleasant a debauchee as ever you saw, I am i' faith.

Smi. But, Mr. Bayes, how comes this song in here?
for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

Ba. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever
interlard your plays with songs, ghosts, and dances,
if you mean to a——

Johns. (d) Pit, box, and gallery it, Mr. Bayes.

Ba. I gad, and you have nick'd it. Hark you,
Mr. Johnson, you know I don't flatter; a gad, you
have a great deal of wit.

Johns. O lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Ba. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. Johnson, I' faith,
this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know
you have wit by the judgment you make of this play;
for that's the measure I go by; my play is my touch-
stone. When a man tells me such a one is a person
of

- " On seas, and in battles, thro' bullets and fire,
- " The danger is less, than in hopeless desire;
- " My death's wound you gave me, tho' far off I bear
- " My fall from your sight, not to cost you a tear;
- " But if the kind flood on a wave would convey,
- " And under your window my body would lay;
- " When the wound on my breast you happen to see,
- " You'll say, with a sigh, it was given by me."

This is the latter part of a song made by Mr. Bayes on
the death of Captain Digby, son of George Earl of Bristol, who
was a passionate admirer of the Dutchess Dowager of Richmond,
called by the author, *Armida*; he lost his life in a sea-fight a-
gainst the Dutch, the 28th of May 1672.

(d) Pit, box, and gallery it, Mr. Bayes.) Mr. Edward
Howard's cant words. See note upon p. 13.

of parts! Is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this play; if he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble servant, Sir; I'll no more of him, upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, I gad. Now, here we go on to our business,

SCENE II.

Enter the two USURPERS, hand in hand.

Ush. But what's become of *Volscius* the great? His presence has not grac'd our court of late.

Phys. I fear some ill from emulation sprung, Has from us that illustrious hero wrung.

Ba. Is not that majestical?

Smi. Yes, but who the devil is this *Volscius*?

Ba. Why, that's a prince I make in love with *Parthenope*.

Smi. I thank you, Sir.

Enter CORDELIO.

(e) *Cor.* My lieges, news from *Volscius* the prince.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

Smi. How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad?

Ba. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Gad-zookers you'll spoil all my play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

Smi. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Cor. His highness, Sirs, commanded me to tell you, That the fair person whom you both do know, Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,

In

(e) *Cor.* My lieges, news from *Volscius* the prince.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.)

" *Albert. Curtius*, I've something to deliver to your ear.

" *Cur.* Any thing from *Alberto* is welcome."

Americus Prince, p. 39.

In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt
Upon her precious life ; but, by the care
Of standers-by prevented was.

Smi. 'Sheart, what stuff's here ?

Cor. At last,

Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd :

His servants he into the country sent,

And he himself to *Peccadilla* went,

Where he's inform'd, by letters, that she's dead.

Ush. Dead ! is that possible ! Dead !

Phys. O ye gods !

Ba. There's a smart expression of a passion ; O ye
gods ! That's one of my bold strokes, I gad.

Smi. Yes ; who is the fair person that's dead ?

Ba. That you shall know anon, Sir.

Smi. Nay, if we know at all, 'tis well enough.

Ba. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all
this, that she's not dead neither.

Smi. Marry, that's good news indeed : I am glad
of that with all my heart.

Ba. Now, here's the man brought in that is suppo-
sed to have kill'd her. [A great Shout within.

SCENE III.

*Enter AMARYLLIS, with a Book in her Hand, and
Attendants.*

Ama. What shout triumphant's that ?

Enter a SOLDIER.

Sol. Shie maid, upon the river brink, near *Twic'nam*
town, the false assassinate is ta'en.

Ama. Thanks to the powers above, for this delive-
rance. I hope,
Its slow beginning will portend
A forward exit to all future end.

Ba. Pish, there you are out ; to all future end ? No,
no ;

no ; to all future end : you must lay the accent upon end, or else you lose the conceit.

Smi. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

Ba. Ay, Sir, I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know something.

Enter SOLDIERS, dragging an old Fisher-man.

Ama. Villain, what monster did corrupt thy mind,
T' attack the noblest soul of human kind ;
Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince *Prettyman*.

Ama. To kill whom ?

Fish. Prince *Prettyman*.

Ama. What, did Prince *Prettyman* hire you to kill
Prince *Prettyman* ?

Fish. No ; Prince *Volscius*.

Ama. To kill whom ?

Fish. Prince *Volscius*.

Ama. What, did Prince *Volscius* hire you to kill
Prince *Volscius* ?

Fish. No ; Prince *Prettyman*.

Ama. So, drag him hence,
Till torture of the rack produce his sense. [*Exeunt.*

Ba. Mark, how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects ; for he's out at one and t'other ; and that's the design of this scene.

Smi. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every scene.

Ba. Ay, that's my way of writing ; and so, Sir, I can dispatch you a whole play before another man, I gad, can make an end of his plot.

SCENE IV.

Ba. So now enter Prince *Prettyman* in a rage. Where the devil is he ? why *Prettyman* ? why when, I say ? O fy, fy, fy, fy ! all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter

Enter PRETTYMAN.

Phoo pox ! you are come too late Sir ; now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to god, Mr.—a—I would not give a button for my play, now you have done this.

Pret. What Sir ?

Ba. What Sir ! 'Slife Sir, you should have come out in choler, rous upon the stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things ?

Johns. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

Smi. I am not of your opinion.

Ba. Pish ! come let's hear your part Sir.

Pret. Bring in my father ; why d'ye keep him from me ?

Altho' a fisher-man, he is my father :

Was ever son, yet brought to this distress,

To be, for being a son, made fatherless ?

Ah, you just gods, rob me not of a father :

The being of a son take from me rather.

Smi. Well, *Ned*, what think you now ?

Johns. A devil, this is worst of all. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what's the meaning of this scene ?

Ba. O, cry you mercy Sir : I protest I had forgot to tell you. Why Sir, you must know, that long before the beginning of this play, this prince was taken by a fisher-man.

Smi. How Sir, taken prisoner ?

Ba. Taken prisoner ! O lord, what a question's there ! did ever any man ask such a question ? gad-zookers, he has put the plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to say ?

Johns. Nay, the lord knows : I cannot imagine.

Ba. Stay, let me see ; taken : O 'tis true. Why Sir, as I was going to say, his highness here, the prince, was taken in a cradle by a fisher-man, and brought up as his child.

Smi. Indeed !

Ba.

Ba. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And so Sir, this murder being committed by the river-side, the fisher-man upon suspicion, was seiz'd, and thereupon the prince grew angry.

Smi. So, so ; now 'tis very plain.

Johns. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this some disparagement to a prince, to pass for a fisher-man's son ? have a care of that, I pray.

Ba. No, no, not at all ; for 'tis but for a while : I shall fetch him off again presently, you shall see.

Enter PRETTYMAN and THIMBLE.

Pret. By all the gods, I'll set the world on fire,
Rather than let 'em ravish hence my fire.

Thim. Brave *Prettyman*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy fire who thee conceal'd.

Ba. Lo you now ; there he's off again.

Johns. Admirably done i'faith.

Ba. Ay, now the plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What oracle this darkness can evince ?

Sometimes a fisher's son, sometimes a prince.

It is a secret, great as is the world ;

In which I, like the soul, am tofs'd and
hurl'd.

[The blackest ink of fate, sure was my lot,
And when she writ my name, she made a blot.
[Exit.

Ba. There's a blustering verse for you now.

Smi. Yes Sir ; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a fisher-man's son ?

Ba. Phoo ! that is not because he has a mind to be his son, but for fear he should be thought to be nobody's son at all.

Smi. Nay, that would trouble a man indeed.

Ba. So, let me see.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Prince VOLSCIUS, going out of Town.

Smi. I thought he had been gone to *Peccadilly*.

Ba. Yes he gave it out so; but that was only to cover his design.

Johns. What design?

Ba. Why, to head the army, that lies conceal'd for him at *Knights-Bridge*.

Johns. I see here's a great deal of plot, Mr. *Bayes*.

Ba. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more business anon.

Enter Prince VOLSCIUS, CLORIS, AMARYLLIS, and HARRY with a riding Cloak and Boots.

Ama. Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the town, and to retire to country-solitude.

Glo. We hop'd this summer that we should at least have held the honour of your company.

Ba. Held the honour of your company; prettily express'd, held the honour of your company! Gad-zookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johns. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extremely: I don't know what he does.

Ba. Ay, ay, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this fingle boon obtain,
That you will here, with poor us, still remain.
Before your horses come, pronounce our fate,
For then, alas! I fear 'twill be too late.

Ba. Sad!

*Volf. (f) Harry, my boots; for I'll range among
My blades encamp'd, and quit this urban throng.*

G

Smi.

(f) *Harry my boots, &c*) In imitation of the following passage.

"Let my horses be brought ready to the door, for I'll go
"out of town this evening."

"Into

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an army conceal'd in *Knights-Bridge*?

Ba. In *Knights-Bridge*? stay.

Johns. No, not if inn keepers be his friends.

Ba. His friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else indeed I grant it could not be.

Smi. Yes, faith, so it might be very easy.

Ba. Nay, if I do not make all things easy, I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he's going out of town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him presently.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, you have so amazed me, that I know not what to think.

Enter PARTHENOPE.

Volf. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!

How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!

Too soon I thought myself secure from love.

(g) Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name

Who does so gently rob me of my fame?

For I should meet the army out of town,

And if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My mother, Sir, sells ale by the town-walls,
And me her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

Ba. Now that's the *Parthenope*, I told you of.

Johns. Ay, ay, I gad you are very right.

Volf. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud?

(h) Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

Ba.

" Into the country I'll with speed,

" With hounds and hawks my fancy feed, &c."

" Now I'll away, a country life

" Shall be my mistress, and my wife."

English Monsieur, p. 36, 38, 39.

(g) Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name.)

" And what's this maid's name?"

English Monsieur, p. 40.

(h) Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud.)

" I bring the morning pictur'd in a cloud."

Siege of Rhodes, part I. p. 10.

Ba. The morning pictur'd in a cloud! A gad-zookers, what a conceit is there!

Par. Give you good ev'n, Sir.

Volf. O inauspicious stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

Ama. } (i) How! Prince *Volfcius* in love? Ha,

Clo. } ha, ha. [Exeunt laughing.

Smi. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

Ba. Why, did you not observe? he first resolves to go out of town, and then, as he is pulling on his boots, falls in love with her, ha, ha, ha.

Smi. Well, and where lies the jest of that?

Ba. Ha! [Turns to *Johns.*

Johns. Why, in the boots, where should the jest lie?

Ba. I gad, you are in the right; it does lie in the boots——Your friend, and I know where a good jest lies, tho' you don't, Sir. [Turns to *Smith.*

Smi. Much good do't you, Sir.

Ba. Here now, Mr. *Johnson*, you shall see a combat betwixt love and honour. (k) An ancient author has made a whole play on't; but I have dispatch'd it all in this scene.

Volfcius sits down to pull on his Boots: *Bayes* stands by, and over-acts the Part as he speaks it.

Volf. How has my passion made me *Cupid's* scoff?
This hasty boot is on, the other off,
And sullen lies, with amorous design
To quit loud fame, and make that beauty mine.

Smi. Pr'ythee mark what pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to act this speech himself!

Johns.

(i) How! Prince *Volfcius* in love?

"Mr. Comely in love!" *English Monsieur*, p. 49.

(k) An ancient author has made a whole play on't.) The play alluded to is, Sir *William D'Avenant's* play of *Love and Honour*.

Johns. Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Vols. My legs, the emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.
Sometimes with stubborn honour, like this boot,
My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't:
Sometimes, again, that very mind, by love
Disarmed, like this other leg does prove.
Shall I to honour, or to love give way?

(*l*) Go on cries honour; tender love says nay:
Honour aloud commands, pluck both boots on;
But softer love does whisper, put on none;
What shall I do? what conduct shall I find
To lead me thro' this twilight of my mind?
For as bright day, with black approach of night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
So does my honour and my love together
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[*Goes out hopping with one Boot on, and the other off.*]

Johns. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

Ba. Ay, is't not now, I gad, ha? For to go off hip hop, hip hop, on this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion, in the world, I gad

Johns. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, that hip hop, in this place as you say, does a very great deal.

Ba. O, all in all, Sir; they are these little things that mar, or set you off a play; (*m*) as I remember once in a play of mine, I set off a scene, I gad, beyond expectation, only with a petticoat, and the belly-ake.

Smi. Pray how was that, Sir?

Ba.

(*l*) *Go on, cries honour, &c.*) In imitation of
"But honour says not so."

Siege of Rhodes, part I. p. 19.

(*m*) *As I remember once, &c.*) The play here hinted at is,
Mr. Dryden's *Love in a Nunnery*, p. 34.

Ba. Why, Sir, I contriv'd a petticoat to be brought in upon a chair, (nobody knew how) into a prince's chamber, whose father was not to see but that it came in by chance

Johns. God's my life that was a notable contrivance indeed.

Smi. Ay, but, Mr. *Bayes*, how could you contrive the belly-ake?

Ba. The easiest i'th' world, I gad: I'll tell you how, I made the prince sit down upon the petticoat, no more than so, and pretend to his father that he had just then got the belly-ake: whereupon his father went out to call a physician, and his man run away with the petticoat.

Smi. Well, and what followed upon that?

Ba. Nothing, no earthly thing, I vow to gad.

Johns. O' my word, Mr. *Bayes*, there you hit it.

Ba. Yes, it gave a world of content. And then I paid 'em away besides; for I made 'em all talk baudry; ha, ha, ha, beastly, down-right baudry upon the stage, I gad, ha, ha, ha; but with an infinite deal of wit, that I must say.

Johns. That, we know well enough, can never fail you.

Ba. No, I gad can't it. Come, bring in the dance.

[Exit to call the Players.]

Smi. Now the devil take thee for a filly, confident, unnatural, fulsom rogue.

Enter BAYES and PLAYERS.

Ba. Pray dance well before the gentlemen: you are commonly so lazy; but you should be light and easy, tah, tah, tah.

[All the while they dance,

[Bayes puts 'em out with teaching 'em.

Well, Gentlemen, you'll see this dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Smi. I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

Ba.

Ba. Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smi. By my troth, I think so, Sir.

Ba. Not for the things themselves; for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I gad, these players are such dull persons, that if a man be not by 'em upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'll mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a PLAYER.

What! is the funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Ba. And is the lance filled with wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a-doing.

Ba. Stay then, I'll do it myself.

Smi. Come let's go with him.

Ba. A match! but, Mr. *Johnson*, I gad, I am not like other persons, they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get money for 'em; now, I gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in every circumstance, to every particular, I gad, I am no more able to endure it; I am not myself, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the strangest person in the whole world: for what care I for money? I write for reputation.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third Act.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

BAYES *and two* GENTLEMEN.

BAYES.

GENTLEMEN, because I would not have any two things alike in this play, the last act beginning with a witty scene of mirth, I make this to begin with a funeral.

Smi. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. Bayes?

Ba. No, Sir, I have a precedent for it besides. ⁽ⁿ⁾ A person of honour, and a scholar, brought in his funeral just so: and he was one, let me tell you, that knew as well what belong'd to a funeral, as any man in *England*, I gad.

Johns. Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

Ba. I gad, but I have another device, a frolic, which I think yet better than all this; not for the plot or characters, (for in my heroic plays, I make no difference as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

Smi. What is that, I pray?

Ba. Why, I have design'd a conquest, that cannot possibly, I gad, be acted in less than a whole week: ^(o) and I'll speak a bold word; it shall drum, trumpet, shout and battle, I gad, with any the most warlike tragedy we have, either ancient or modern.

Johns. Ay marry, Sir, there you say something.

Smi. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this same frolic of your's?

Ba.

(n) *A person of honour, &c.*) Col. Henry Howard begun his play, called *The United Kingdoms*, with a funeral. *vid.* the note at p. 18.

(o) *And I'll speak a bold word; it shall drum, &c.*) These are Mr. Dryden's words in his preface to the *Conquest of Granada*.

Ba. Faith, Sir, by the rule of romance. For example, they divided their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many tomes as they pleased: now I would very fain know, what should hinder me from doing the same with my things, if I please?

Johns. Nay, if you should not be a master of your own works, 'tis very hard.

Ba. That's my sense: and then, Sir, this contrivance of mine has something of the reason of a play in it too; for as every one makes you five acts to one play, (p) what do I, but make five plays to one plot; by which means the auditors have every day a new thing.

Johns. Most admirably good, i'faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

Ba. Ay, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then upon *Saturday* to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a sixth play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

Johns. I hat consideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed I think will be very necessary.

Smi. And when comes in your share pray, Sir?

Ba. The third week.

Johns. I'll vow you'll get a world of money.

Ba. Why i'faith, a man must live: and if you don't thus pitch upon some new device, I gad, you'll never do't; for this age (take it o'my word) is somewhat hard to please. But there's one pretty odd passage in the last of these plays, which may be executed two several ways, wherein I'd have your opinion gentlemen.

Johns. What is't, Sir?

Ba. Why, Sir, I make a male person to be in love with a female.

Smi.

(p) *What do I, but make five plays to one plot?* Alluding to Mr. *Dryden's* practice of dividing his plots among several plays, as in the *Conquest of Granada*, I. and II. parts. *Indian Emperor* and *Indian Queen*, &c.

Smi. Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

Ba. Yes, Sir, as I have ordered it. You shall hear: he having passionately lov'd her through my five whole plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his mother had appear'd to him like a ghost, he kills himself, that's one way: the other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills herself. Now my question is, which of these two perions should suffer upon this occasion?

Johns. By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

Ba. The hardest in the world, I gad, and has puzzled this pate very much. What say you, Mr *Smith*?

Smi. Why truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might stand with your justice now, I would spare 'em both.

Ba. I gad, and I think——ha——why then I'll make him hinder her from killing herself. Ay, it shall be so: come, come, bring in the funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.

Lay it down there, no, no, here, Sir: so now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the funeral pile, and let our grief Receive from its embraces some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And in life's stead, to leave us nought but death?
The world discovers now its emptiness,
And by her loss demonstrates we have less.

Ba. Is not this good language now? Is not that elevated? 'Tis my *non ultra*, I gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

Smi. With her; with whom?

Ba. Why this is *Lardella's* funeral.

Smi. *Lardella*! Ay, who is she?

H

Ba.

Ba. Why, Sir, the sister of *Drawcanfir*. (q) A lady that was drown'd at sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.

K. Uzb. *Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above,
Behold the tragic issues of your love.
Pity us sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the main.

Ba. Look you, now, you see I told you true.

Smi. Ay, Sir, and I thank you for it very kindly.

Ba. Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience ; honest M——a——you will not have patience.

Johns. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcanfir*?

Ba. Why, Sir, a fierce hero, that frights his mistress, snubbs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good manners or justice.

Johns. A very pretty character.

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your heroes had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

Bay. Yes, they have been so ; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating of whole armies, above all your moral virtues put together, I gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the paper ? [To the Players.

K. Phys. O, cry you mercy !

Ba. Pish, nay you are such a fumbler. Come, I'll read it myself. [Takes a Paper from off the Coffin. Stay, its an ill hand, I must use my spectacles. This, now, is a copy of verses, which I make *Lardella* compose just as she is dying, with a design to have it pin'd upon her coffin, and so read by one of the usurpers, who is her cousin.

Smi.

(y) *A lady that was drowned at sea, &c.*

" On seas I bore thee, and on seas I dy'd,

" I dy'd : and for a winding sheet, a wave

" I had : and all the ocean for my grave."

Conquest of Granada, part II. p. 113.

Smi. A very shrewd design that, upon my word,
Mr. Bayes.

Ba. And what do you think, now, I fancy her to
make love like here in the paper?

Smi. Like a woman, what should she make love
like?

Ba. O' my word, you are out tho', Sir: I gad,
you are.

Smi. What then, like a man?

Ba. No, Sir, like a humble bee.

Smi. I confess, that I should not have fancy'd.

Ba. It may be so, Sir; but it is, tho' conform to
the opinion of some of your ancient philosophers, who
held the transmigration of the soul.

Smi. Very fine.

Ba. I'll read the title. *To my dear coz. King Phyl.*

Smi. That's a little too familiar with a king, tho',
Sir, by your favour, for a humble bee.

Ba. Mr. *Smith*, in other things, I grant your know-
ledge may be above me; but, as for poetry, give me
leave to say, I understand that better; it has been
longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir. Pray mark it.

[*Reads.*

(*r*) Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come a humble bee to your chaste love.

With

(*r*) *Since death, &c.*) In ridicule of these lines,

" ————— My earthly part,

" Which in my tyrant's right, death will remove,

" I'll come, all soul and spirit to your love:

" With silent steps I'll follow you all day;

" Or else before you in the sun-beams play.

" I'll lead you thence to melancholy groves,

" And there repeat the scenes of our past loves.

" At night, I will within your curtains peep;

" With empty arms, embrace you, while you sleep:

" In gentle dreams I often will be by,

" And sweep along before your closing eye;

" All dangers from your bed I will remove,

" But guard it most from any future love.

" And when at last in pity you will die,

" I'll watch your birth of immortality:

" Then,

With silent wings I'll follow you, dear couz ;
 Or else before you in the sun-beams buzz.
 And when to melancholy groves you come
 An airy ghost, you'll know me by my hum ;
 For sound, being air, a ghost does well become.

Smi. (after a pause) admirable !

Ba. At night into your bosom I will creep,
 And buzz but softly, if you chance to sleep ;
 Yet in your dreams I will pass sweeping by,
 And then both hum and buzz before your eye ;

Johns. By my troth that's a very great promise.

Smi. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

Ba. Your bed of love from dangers I will free ;
 But most from love of any future bee.
 And when with pity your heart-strings shall
 crack,

With empty arms I'll bear you on my back.

Smi. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Ba. Ay, I gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha ? is it not *tuant* ? Here's the end.

Then at your birth of immortality,
 Like any winged archer, hence I'll fly,
 And teach you your first fluttering in the sky.

Johns. O rare ! this is the most natural, refin'd fancy that ever I heard of, I'll swear.

Ba. Yes, I think for a dead person, it is a good enough way of making love : for being divested of her terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and yet passionate. Come, draw your swords.

K. Phys. Come, sword, come sheath thyself within this breast,

Which only in *Lardella's* tomb can rest.

K. Ush.

" Then, turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair,

" And teach you your first flight in open air."

Tyrannick Love; p. 25.

K. Ufb. Come dagger, come, and penetrate this
heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella's* love depart.

Enter PALLAS.

Pal. Hold, stop your murdering hands,
At *Pallas's* commands;
For the supposed dead, O kings,
Forbear to act such deadly things.
Lardella lives, I did but try
If princes for their loves could die.
Such celestial constancy
Shall by the gods rewarded be:
And from these funeral obsequies
A nuptial banquet shall arise.

[The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.]

Ba. So, take away the coffin. Now its out: this
is the very funeral of the fair person which *Volscius* sent
word was dead, and *Pallas*, you see, has turn'd it in-
to a banquet.

Smi. Well, but where's the banquet?

Ba. Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a dance,
for joy that *Lardella* is not dead. Pray, Sir, give me
leave to bring in my things properly at least.

Smi. That indeed I had forgot: I ask your pardon.

Ba. O, d'ye so, Sir? I am glad you will confess
yourself once in an error, Mr. *Smith*.

Dance.

K. Ufb. Resplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fiercest beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And since to thee *Lardella's* life we owe,
We'll supple statues in thy temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive *Lardella's* found,
Let in full bowls her health go round.

*[The two Usurpers take each of them a Bowl in their
Hands.]*

K. Ufb. But where's the wine.

Pall. That shall be mine.

(k) Lo, from this conqu'ring lance,
Does flow the purest wine of *France*.

[Fills the Bowls out of her Lance.

And, to appease your hunger, I
Have in my helmet brought a pye :
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a buckler made of cheese.

[Vanish Pallas.

Ba. There's the banquet. Are you satisfied now,
Sir ?

Johns. By my troth, now, that is new, and more
than I expected.

Ba. Yes, I knew this would please you : for the
chief art in poetry is to elevate your expectation, and
then bring you off some extraordinary way.

Enter DRAWCANSIR

K. Phyl. What man is this, that dares disturb our
feast ?

Draw. (l) He that dares drink, and for that drink
dares die;

And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Johns. That is, Mr. Bayes, as much as to say, that,
tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet he would
fain drink for all that too.

Ba. Right ; that's the conceit on't.

Johns. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

Ba.

(k) Lo from this conqu'ring lance, &c.) See the scene in *The Villain*, p. 47, &c. where the host furnishes his guests with a collation out of his cloaths : a capon from his helmet, a tansey out of the lining of his cap, cream out of his scabbard, &c.

(l) What man is that, &c.) In imitation of

" *Almah*. Who dares to interrupt my private walk ?

" *Almah*. He who dares love, and for that love must die,

" And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

Granada, part II, p. 115.

Ba. (n) Now, there are some critics that have advised me to put out the second *dare*, and print *must* in the place on't; but, I gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.

Johns. Whoo! a thousand times!

Ba. Go on then.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know,

How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go?

Ba. Is not that now, like a well-bred person, I gad? So modest, so gent!

Smi. O, very like:

Draw. (o) You shall not know how long I here will stay,

But you shall know I'll take your bowls away.

[Snatches the Bowls out of the King's Hands, and drinks 'em off.

Smi. But, Mr. Bayes, is that, too, modest and gent?

Ba. No, I gad, Sir; but 'tis great.

K. Ush. Tho', brother, this grum stranger be a clown, He'll leave us sure a little to gulp down.

Draw. (p) Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,

I'll stare away his very power to drink.

[The two Kings sneak off the Stage with their Attendants. I

(n) Now there are some critics, &c.) The passage last cited from the Conquest of Granada, was at first wrote,

"He who dares love, and for that love dares die," but was afterwards amended to *must* die.

(o) You shall not know, &c.) In imitation of,

"Alman. I would not now, if thou wouldst beg me, stay;

"But I will take my *Almahide* away."

(p) Whoe'er to gulp, &c. In ridicule of this,

"Alman. Thou dar'st not marry her, while I'm in sight:

"With a bent brow, thy priest, and thee, I'll fright:

"And, in that scene, which should thy hopes content,

"The thoughts of me shall make thee impotent."

Granada, p. 32.

(q) I drink, I huff, I strutt, look big, and stare,
And all this I can do, because I dare. [Exit.

Smi. I suppose, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce hero you spoke of?

Ba. Yes, but this is nothing: you shall see him, in the last act, win above a dozen battles, one after another, I gad, as fast as they can possibly come upon the stage.

Johns. That will be a fight worth the seeing indeed.

Smi. But, pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

Ba. Phoo! that is to raise the character of *Draw-canfir*.

Johns. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Ba. Now, Sirs, I'll shew you a scene indeed, or rather, indeed, the scene of scenes: 'tis an heroic scene?

Smi. And, pray, Sir, what's your design in this scene?

Ba. Why, Sir, my design is gilded truncheons, forc'd conceit, smooth verse, and a rant: in fine, if this scene do not take, I gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in Mr.—a—nay, come in as many as you can, Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the stage.

Smi. Why, fill the stage?

Ba. O, Sir, because your heroic verse never sounds well, but when the stage is full.

SCENE II.

Enter Prince PRETTYMAN and Prince VOLSCIUS.

Ba. Nay, hold, hold; pray, by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this scene is somewhat more

(q) I drink, I huff, &c.)

"Spite of myself, I'll stay, fight, love, despair;

"And all this I can do, because I dare."

Granada, part II. p. 89.

more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out, because they are not in love with the same woman.

Smi. Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. *Bayes*.

Ba. No, Sir, I say not in love; there's a new conceit for you. Now speak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince *Volscius*, now has found the way,

For our so long'd for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Volf. I gladly would that story from thee learn;
But thou to love dost *Prettyman* incline,
Yet love in thy breast, is not love in mine.

Ba. Antithesis. Thine and mine.

Pret. Since love itself's the same, why should it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Ba. Reason! I gad, I love reasoning in verse.

Volf. Love takes, camelion-like, a various dye,
From every plant on which itself does lie.

Ba. Simile!

Pret. Let not thy love the course of nature fright,
Nature does most in harmony delight.

Volf. How weak a deity would nature prove,
Contending with the pow'ful god of love?

Ba. There's a great verse!

Volf. If incense thou will offer at the shrine,
Of mighty love, burn it to none but mine.
Her rosy lips eternal sweets exhale;
And her bright flame makes all flames else
look pale.

Ba. I gad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull incense may thy love suffice;
But mine must be ador'd with sacrifice.
All hearts turn ashes, which her eyes controul,
The body they consume as well as soul.

Volf. My love has yet a power more divine;
Victims her altars burn not, but refine:
Amidst the flames they ne'er give up the ghost;
But with her looks, revive still as they roast.

In spite of pain and death, they're kept alive,
Her fiery eyes make 'em in fire survive.

Ba. That is as well, I gad, as I can do.

Volf. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.

Ba. Civil I gad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a whale:
In whose vast bulk, tho' store of oyl doth lie,
We find more shape, more beauty in a fly.

Smi. That's uncivil, I gad.

Ba. Yes, but as far a fetched fancy tho', I gad, as
e'er you saw.

Volf. Soft *Prettyman*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame love's excellence.

Parthenope is sure as far above
All other loves, as above all is love.

Ba. Ah, I gad, that strikes me.

Pret. To blame my *Gloris*, gods would not pretend.

Ba. Now mark.

Volf. Were all gods join'd, they could not hope to
mend

My better choice; for fair *Parthenope*,

(r) Gods would, themselves, ungod themselves
to see.

Ba. Now the rant's a-coming.

Pret. (f) Durst any of the gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that god subscribe himself a devil.

Ba.

(r) *Gods would, themselves, ungod themselves to see.*

"*Max.* Thou lyest. There's not a god inhabits there,

" But, for this Christian, would all heav'n forswear:

" Ev'n *Jove* would try new shapes her love to win,

" And in new birds, and unknown beasts would sin: }

" At least, if *Jove* could love like *Maximin*."

Tyrannick Love, p. 17.

(f) *Durst any of the gods, &c.*

" Some god now, if he dare relate what past,

" Say but he's dead, that god shall mortal be." *Ibid.* p. 7.

" Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be

" Reveng'd at once upon the gods and thee." *Ibid.* p. 8.

" What had the gods to do with me or mine? *Ibid.* p. 57.

Ba. Ah, gadzookers, that's well writ!

[*Scratching his Head, his Peruke falls off.*]

Vol. Couldst thou that god from heaven to earth
translate,

He could not fear to want a heav'nly state;

Parthenope on earth can heav'n create.

Pret. *Gloris* does heaven itself so far excel,

She can transcend the joys of heav'n in hell.

Ba. There's a bold flight for you now: 'Sdeath, I have lost my peruke. Well, gentlemen, this is what I never yet saw any one could write but myself. Here's true spirit and flame all thro', I gad. So, so, pray clear the stage. [*He puts 'em off the Stage.*]

Johns. I wonder how the coxcomb has got the knack of writing smooth verse thus.

Smi. Why, there's no need of brain for this: 'tis but scanning the labours on the finger; but where's the sense of it?

Johns. O, for that he desires to be excused: (t) he is too proud a man to creep servilely after sense, I assure you. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why is this scene all in verse?

Ba. O, Sir, the subject is too great for prose.

Smi. Well said, i'faith, I'll give thee a pot of ale for that answer; 'tis well worth it.

Ba. Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that god subscribe himself a devil.

That single line, I gad, is worth all that my brother poets ever writ.

Let down the curtain.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

(t) *He is too proud a man, &c.* Alluding to the following passage in the prologue to *Tyrannick Love*.

"Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare;

"They spoil their business with an over-care;

"And he, who servilely creeps after sense,

"Is safe; but ne'er can reach to excellence."

ACT V. SCENE I.

BAYES, *and the two* GENTLEMEN.

BAYES.

NOW, gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest scene that ever *England* saw: I mean not, for words, for those I don't value; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine, I'll justify it to be as grand to the eye, every whit, I gad, as that great scene in *Harry VIII.* and grander too, I gad: for instead of two bishops, I bring in here four cardinals.

The Curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in state, with the four Cardinals, Prince Prettyman, Prince Volscius, Amaryllis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. before them Heralds, and Serjeants-at-Arms, with Maces.

Smi. Mr. Bayes, pray, what is the reason that two of the cardinals are in hats, and the other in caps?

Ba. Why, Sir, because——by gad, I won't tell you. Your country friend, Sir, grows so troublesome.

K. Uss. Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

K. Phys. Speak *Volscius*.

Volsc. Dread sovereign lords, my zeal to you must not invade my duty to your son; let me intreat that great prince *Prettyman* first do speak; whose high pre-eminence, in all things do bear the name of good, may justly claim that privilege.

Ba. Here it begins to unfold; you may perceive now, that he is his son.

Johns. Yes, Sir, and we are very much beholden to you for that discovery.

Pret.

Pret. Royal father, upon my knees I beg,
That the illustrious *Volfcius* first be heard.

Volf. That preference is only due to *Amaryllis*, Sir.

Ba. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible sovereigns——— [Soft Music.

K. Ubb. (d) But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the music of the moving spheres.

Pret. Behold with wonder, yonder comes from far
A god-like cloud, and a triumphant car:
In which our two right kings sit one by one,
With virgins vests, and laurel garlands on.

K. Ubb. Then, brother *Phys*, 'tis time we should be gone.

[The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.

Ba. Look you now, did not I tell you, that this would be as easy a change as the other?

Smi. Yes faith you did so, tho' I confess, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about I see.

[The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the Clouds, singing, in white Garments; and three Fiddlers sitting before them in Green.

Ba. Now because the two right kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the tune and stile of our modern spirits.

1 King. (e) Haste, brother king, we are sent from above,

2 King. Let us move, let us move;

Move,

(d) *K.* But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

"What various noises do my ears invade;

"And have a concert of confusion made?"

Siege of Rhodes, p. 4.

(e) Haste, brother king, &c.)

"Naker. Hark, my *Damilcar*, we are call'd below:

"Daniel. Let us go, let us go;

"Go, to remove the care

"Of longing lovers in despair, &c."

Tyrannick Love, p. 26.

Move, to remove the fate
Of *Brentford's* long united state.

1 *King*. Tarra, tan, tarra, full east and by south.

2 *King*. We sail with thunder in our mouth.

In scorching noon-day, whilst the traveller stays,
Busy, busy, busy, busy, we bustle along,
Mounted upon warm *Phoebus* his rays,
Through the heavenly throng,
Hasting to those

Who will feast us at night, with a pig's petty toes.

1 *King*. And we'll fall with our plate
In an olio of hate.

2 *King*. But now supper's done, the servitors try,
Like soldiers, to storm a whole half moon-pye.

1 *King*. They gather, they gather hot cuttards in
spoons.

But alas! I must leave these half moons.

And repair to my trusty dragoons.

2 *King*. O stay, for you need not as yet go astray, }
The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in our way; }
And on their high ropes we will play: }
Like maggots in filberts, we'll snug in our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,
And farewell.

1 *King*. But the ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green frogs croak out a coranto of *France*.

Ba. Is not that pretty now? The fiddlers are all in
green.

Smi. Ay, but they play no coranto.

Johns. No, but they play a tune that's a great deal
better.

Ba. No coranto, quotha! That's a good one, with
all my heart. Come sing on.

2 *King*. Now mortals that hear,
How we tilt and career,
With wonder will fear

'Th' event of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King*.

1 King. Stay you to fulfil what the gods have decreed,

2 King. Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 King. So firmly resolv'd is a true *Brentford* king,
To save the distressed, and help to 'em bring;
That e're a full pot of good ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a hallo.

[*Bayes fills his Finger, and sings after 'em.*

Ba. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a hallo.

(f) This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a conjurer.

Johns. Ay, that would have been better.

Ba. No faith, not when you consider it: for thus it is more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smi. Thing! what thing?

Ba. Why, bring 'em down again into the throne, Sir, what thing would you have?

Smi. Well, but methinks the sense of this song is not very plain.

Ba. Plain! Why, did you ever hear people in the clouds speak plain? they must be all for flight of fancy, at its full range, without the least check or controul upon it. When once you tie up spirits and people in clouds to speak plain, you spoil all.

Smi. Bleis me, what a monster's this!

The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and step into the Throne.

1 King. Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance.

2 King. I do agree, but first let's have a dance.

Ba. Right: you did that very well, Mr *Cartwright*; but first let's have a dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so: for it must be done as if

(f) This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a conjurer.) See such a contrivance in *Tyrannick Love*, act iv. scene 1.

if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But first let's have a dance. Pray remember that.

Smi. Well, I can no longer, I must gag this rogue; there's no enduring of him.

Johns. No, pr'ythee make use of thy patience a little longer: let's see the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*]

Ba. This now is an ancient dance, of right belonging to the kings of *Brentford*; but since deriv'd with a little alteration, to the inns of court.

An Alarm. Enter two HERALDS.

1 *King.* What saucy groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her.* The army's at the door, and in disguise, Desires a word with both your majesties.

2 *Her.* Having from *Knights-Bridge* hither march'd by stealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while and drink our health.

Smi. How, Mr. *Bayes*? the army in disguise?

Ba. Ay, Sir, for fear the usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

Smi. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

Ba. Why, then they had broke the design.

1 *King.* Here, take five guineas for those warlike men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten.

1 *Her.* We have not seen so much the lord knows when.

[*Exeunt Heralds.*]

1 *King.* Speak on, brave *Amaryllis*.

Ama. Invincible sovereigns, blame not my modesty, If at this grand conjuncture——

[*Drums beat behind the Stage.*]

1 *King.* (g) What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

Enter

(g) 1 *King.* What dreadful noise is this, &c.
What new misfortunes do these cries preface?

1 *Mess.* Haste all you can, their fury to assuage:
You are not safe from their rebellious rage.

}

2 *Mess.*

Enter a SOLDIER, with his Sword drawn.

Sold. Haste hence, great Sirs, your royal persons
save,

For the event of war no mortal knows :

The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First fell to words, and then to handy blows. *[Exit.*

Ba. Is not that now a pretty kind of a stanza, and a
handsome come off?

2 King. O dangerous estate of sovereign power,
Obnoxious to the change of every hour!

1 King. Let us for shelter in our cab'net stay :
Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass away.

[Exeunt.

Johns. But, Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promise us just
now to make *Amaryllis* speak very well.

Ba. Ay, and so she would have done, but that they
hinder'd her.

Smi. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

Ba. Ay, Sir, the plot lay so, that, I vow to gad, it
was not to be avoided.

Smi. Marry that was hard.

Johns. But pray, who hinder'd her?

Ba. Why, the battle, Sir that's just coming in at
the door : and I'll tell you now a strange thing, tho'
I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad,
I'll give you both a whole week to guess how I'll re-
present this battle.

Smi. I had rather be bond to fight your battle, I as-
sure you, Sir.

Ba. Whoo! there's it now : fight a battle, there's
the common error. I knew presently where I should
have you. Why, pray Sir, do but tell me this one
thing, can you think it a decent thing, in a battle be-
fore ladies, to have men run their swords thro' one
another, and all that?

Johns. No faith, 'tis not civil.

K

Ba.

2 Mess. This minute, if you grant not their desire,
They'll seize your person, and your palace fire.

Granada, part II. p. 71.

Ba. Right on the other side, to have a long relation of squadrons here, and squadrons there: what is it but dull prolixity?

Johns. Excellently reason'd by my troth.

Ba. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those indecuments, (*b*) I sum up my whole battle in the representation of two persons only, no more: and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

Smi. Yes Sir, but I think I should hardly swear tho' for all that.

Ba. By my troth, Sir, but you would tho', when you see it: for I make 'em both come in, in armour *cap-a-pee*, with their swords drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at their wrist, which, you know, represents fighting enough.

Johns. Ay, ay, so much, that if I were in your place, I would make 'em go out again without speaking one word.

Ba. No, there you are out; for I make each of 'em hold a lute in his hand.

Smi. How, Sir, instead of a buckler?

Ba. O lord! O lord! instead of a buckler? pray, Sir, do you ask no more questions. I make 'em, Sir, play the battle in *recitativo*. And here's the conceit. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his sword, and puts himself in a war-like posture: so that you have at once your ear entertain'd with music and good language; and your eye satisfied with the garb and accoutrements of war.

Smi. I confess, Sir, you stupify me.

Ba. You shall see.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little fighting? for I love those plays where they cut and
flash

(*b*) I sum up my whole battle, &c.) There needs nothing more to explain the meaning of this battle than the perusal of the first part of the *Siege of Rhodes*, which was performed in recitative music, by seven persons only: and the passage out of *The Play-House to be lett*.

flash one another upon the stage, for a whole hour together.

Ba. Why then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you shall have my *recitativo* first.

Johns. Ay, now you are right : there is nothing then can be objected against it.

Ba. True, and so, I gad, (i) I'll make it, too, a tragedy in a trice.

Enter at several Doors, the GENERAL and LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, armed cap a-pee, with each of them a Lute in his Hand, and his Sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet Ribbon at his Wrist.

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou ly'lt.

Gen. (k) Arm, arm, *Gonsalvo*, arm ; what ho ?
The lye no flesh can brook I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance from *Acton*, with the musqueteers.

Gen. (l) Draw down the chelsey curasiers.

Lieut. Gen.

(i) *I'll make it, too, & tragedy in a trice.* *Algaura*, and the Vestal virgin are so contriv'd, by a little alteration towards the latter end of them, that they have been acted both ways, either, as tragedies, or comedies.

(k) *Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm.*

The *Siege of Rhodes* begins thus.

" *Admiral.* Arm, arm, *Valerius*, Arm."

(l) *Gen.* Draw down the Chelsey Curasiers.) The third entry in the *Siege of Rhodes* is thus.

" *Solym.* *Pyrrhus*, draw down our army wide ;
" Then, from the gross, two strong reserves divide.

" And spread the wings,

" As if we were to fight,

" In the lost *Rhodians* fight,

" With all the western kings :

" Each with *Janizaries* line ;

" The right, and left to *Haly's* sons assign ;

" The gross, to *Zangiban*.

" The main artillery

" To *Mustapha* shall be :

" Bring thou the rear, we lead the van."³²

Lieut. Gen. The band you boast of chelsey curasiers
(*m*) Shall, in my putney pikes now meet their peers.

Gen. Cheshwickians, aged and renew'd in fight,
Join with the *Hammer-smith* brigade.

L. G. You'll find my *Mortlake* boys will do them right,
Unless by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.

Gen. Let the left wing of *Twic'nam* foot advance.
And line that eastern hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The horse I rais'd in petty-*France*,
Shall try their chance,
And scour the meadows overgrown with
sedge.

Gen. Stand, give the word.

Lieut. Gen. Bright sword.

Gen. That may be thine,
But 'tis not mine.

Lieut. Gen. (*n*) Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let these recreat troops perceive mine ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue; they fly
That first did give the lie. [Exeunt.

Ba. This now is not improper I think, because the
spectators know all these towns, and may easily con-
ceive them to be within the dominions of the two kings
of *Brentford*.

Johns. Most exceeding well design'd!

Ba.

(*m*) Shall in my putney pikes, &c.)

"More pikes! more pikes! to reinforce

"That squadron, and repulse the horse."

Play House to be lett, p. 72.

(*n*) Give fire, give fire, &c.

"Point all the cannon, and play fast:

"Their fury is too hot to last.

"That rampier shakes; they fly into the town!

"*Pyr.* March up with those reserves, to that redoubt;

"Faint slaves, the Janizaries reel!

"They bend! they bend! and seem to feel

"The terrors of a rout.

"*Must.* Old *Zanger* halts, and reinforcement lacks,

"*Pyr.* March on!

"*Must.* Advance those pikes, and charge their backs.

Ba. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop to this battle ?

Smi. How ?

Ba. By an eclipse : which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancy that was yet never so much as thought of but by myself, and one person more that shall be nameless.

Enter LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night darkness does invade the day,

And snatch the victor from his conquer'd prey ?

Is the sun weary of this bloody fight,

And winks upon us with the eye of light ?

'Tis an eclipse. This was unkind, O moon,

To clap between me and the sun so soon.

Foolish eclipse ; thou this in vain hast done

My brighter honour had eclips'd the sun :

But now behold eclipses two in one. [*Exit.*]

Johns. This is an admirable representation of a battle as I ever saw.

Ba. Ay, Sir : but how would you fancy to represent an eclipse ?

Smi. Why that's to be suppos'd.

Ba. Suppos'd ! Ay, you are ever at your suppose : ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well suppose the whole play. No, it must come in upon the stage, that's certain ; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for't, that I am sure is new, and I believe to the purpose.

Johns. How's that ?

Ba. Why the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a dialogue between *Phæbus* and *Aurora* in the *Slighted Maid* : which by my troth was very pretty ; but I think you'll confess this is a little better.

Johns. No doubt on't, Mr. Bayes, a great deal better.

[*Bayes bugs Johnson, then turns to Smith.*]

Ba. Ah dear rogue ! But—a—Sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your eclipse of the moon is nothing else,

else, but an interposition of the earth between the sun and moon; as likewise your eclipse of the sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the moon betwixt the earth and the sun?

Smi. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Ba. Well, Sir, then what do I, but make the earth, sun and moon, come out upon the stage, and dance the hey hum; and of necessity, by the very nature of this dance, the earth must be sometimes between the sun and the moon; and the moon between the earth and the sun: and there you have both your eclipses, by demonstration.

Johns. That must needs be very fine, truly.

Ba. Yes, it has fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in't, too, of joke, I bring 'em in all finging, and make the moon sell the earth a bargain. Come, come out eclipse, to the tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter LUNA.

Luna. Orbis, O Orbis,
Come to me, thou little rogue, Orbis.

Enter the EARTH.

Orb. (o) Who calls *Terra Firma*, pray?

Luna. Luna, that ne'er shines by day.

Orb. What means *Luna* in a veil?

Luna. *Luna* means to shew her tail.

Ba. There's the bargain.

Enter SOL, to the Tune of Robin Hood.

Sol. Fy, sister, fy; thou mak'st me muse,

Derry, derry, down,

To see the orb abuse,

Luna.

(o) *Orb.* Who calls *Terra Firma*, &c.)

" *Phæb.* Who calls the world's great light?

" *Aur.* *Aurora*, that abhors the night.

" *Phæb.* Why does *Aurora*, from her cloud,

" To drousy *Phæbus* cry so loud?

Slighted Maid, p. 80.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;
Since I shew'd it out of love.

Hey down, derry down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty moon?

Luna. (p) To-morrow soon, e'er it be noon,
On Mount *Vesuvio*. [Twice.

Sol. Then I will shine,
[To the Tune of Trenchmore.

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. (q) And I will drink nothing but *Lippary* wine.
Omnes. And we, &c.

[As they dance the Hey, Bayes speaks.

Ba. Now the earth's before the moon; now the
moon's before the sun; there's the eclipse again.

Smi. He's mightily taken with this, I see.

Johns. Ay, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he chuse?

Ba. So now, vanish eclipse, and enter t'other battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

[A Battle is fought between Foot and great Hobby-horses. At last Drawcansir comes and kills them all on both Sides. All the while the Battle is fighting, Bayes is telling them when to shout, and shouts with them.

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill;
But I the blood of thousands daily spill.
Let petty kings the name of parties know,
Where'er I come I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest horsemen my swift rage controuls,
And from their bodies drives their trembling
souls.

If they had wings, and to the gods cou'd fly,
I would pursue and beat them thro' the sky;
And

(p) On Mount *Vesuvio*.)

"The burning Mount *Vesuvio*." *Slighted Maid*, p. 81.

(q) *Luna.* And I will drink nothing but *Lippary* wine.)

"Drink, drink wine, *Lippary* wine." *Ibid.* p. 81.

And make proud *Jove*, with all his thunder,
 fee,

This single arm more dreadful is than he.

[*Exit.*

Ba. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your *Hectors* and *Achilles's*, and I know not who; but I defy all your histories, and your romances too, to shew me one such conqueror as this *Drawcanfir*.

Johns. I swear I think you may.

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

Ba. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs: how should they go off? Why, do you think the people here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man: your friend here is very silly, Mr. *Johnson*, I gad, he is. Ha, ha, ha. Come, Sir, (*r*) I'll shew you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and go about your business. There's a go-off for you now, Ha, ha, ha. Mr. *Ivory*, a word; gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [*Exit.*

Johns. Will you so? Then we'll be gone.

Smi. Ay, pr'ythee, let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One battle more will take mine quite away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *BAYES* and *PLAYERS*.

Ba. Where are the gentlemen?

1 *Play.* They are gone, Sir.

Ba. Gone! 'Sdeath, this last act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. [*Exit.*

1 *Play.* What shall we do, now he is gone away?

2 *Play.* Why, so much the better; then let's go to dinner.

3 *Play.*

(*r*) I'll shew you how they shall go off, &c.)

Valeria daughter to *Maximin*, having killed herself for the love of *Porphyrius*, when she was to be carried off by the bearers, strikes one of them a box on the ear, and speaks to him thus,

"Hold! are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog?"

"I am to rise and speak the epilogue." *Tyrannick Love.*

3 *Play.* Stay; here's a foul piece of paper: let's see what 'tis.

3 or 4 *Play.* Ay, ay; come let's here it.

[*Reads the Argument of the Fifth Act.*]

3 *Play.* *Cloris* at length, being sensible of Prince *Prettyman's* passion, consents to marry him: but, just as they are going to church, Prince *Prettyman* meeting by chance with old *Joan*, the chandler's widow, and remembering it was she that first brought him acquainted with *Cloris*; out of a high point of honour, breaks off his match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which *Cloris*, in despair, drowns herself; and Prince *Prettyman* discontentedly walks by the river-side. This will never do; 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Most of the Play. Ay, pox on't, let's be gone.

Enter BAYES.

Ba. A plague on them both for me, they have made me sweat to run after 'em. A couple of senseless rascals, that had rather go to dinner than see this play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come, Mr.—a— where are you, Sir. Come away, quick, quick.

Enter STAGE-KEEPER.

Stag. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Ba. Yes, I know the gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the players.

Stage. Why, an't please your worship, Sir, the players are gone to dinner too.

Ba. How! are the players gone to dinner? 'tis impossible: the players gone to dinner! I gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does them the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. I gad,

L

I'll

I'll be reveng'd on 'em ; I'll sell this play to the other house.

Stage. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the book ; you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here this afternoon.

Ba. That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to myself, my play and I shall go together, we will not part indeed, Sir.

Stage. But what will the town say, Sir ?

Ba. The town ! why, what care I for the town ? I gad, the town has us'd me as scurvily as the players have done : but I'll be reveng'd on 'em too ; for I'll lampoon them all. And since they will not accept of my plays, they shall know what a satyrist I am. And so farewell to this stage, I gad, for ever. [*Exit Bayes.*]

Enter PLAYERS.

1 *Play.* Come, then, let's set up bills for another play.

2 *Play.* Ay, ay ; we shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your opinion : but, before we go, let's see *Haynes* and *Shirley* practise the last dance ; for that may serve us another time.

2 *Play.* I'll call 'em in : I think they are but in the tiring-room. [*The Dance done.*]

1 *Play.* Come, come ; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

THE Play is at an End, but where's the Plot?
That Circumstance the Poet Bayes forgot.
And we can boast, tho' 'tis a plotting Age,
No Place is freer from it than the Stage.
The Antients plotted tho', and strove to please,
With Sense that might be understood with Ease:
They ev'ry Scene with so much Wit did store,
That who brought any in, went out with more.
But this new Way of Wit does so surprize,
Men lose their Wits in wondering where it lies:
If it be true, that monstrous Births presage,
The following Mischiefs that afflict the Age;
And sad Disasters to the State proclaim:
Plays, without Head or Tail, may do the same.
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdom's Peace,
May this prodigious way of Writing cease.
Let's have, at least, once in our Lives, a Time,
When we may hear some Reason, not all Rhyme:
We have this ten Years felt its Influence;
Pray, let this prove a Year of Prose and Sense.

F I N I S.



